Mike and Melissa
Episode 34- Mike and Melissa Get Lost in a Meijer!

By

Mike Chenoweth

SCENE 1- EXT. MIKE’S APARTMENT, 1/1/2013, 9PM

MELISSA is walking down that rickety old staircase in the back. She notices some fire in the snow and rushes toward it.

MELISSA
Whoa! Snow ain’t supposed to be on fire!!!

Sure enough, I’m there burning a shirt.

MIKE
You’re right. The snow ain’t on fire, just this shirt.

MELISSA
Well shirts aren’t supposed to be on fire either!!! So what’s up with that???

MIKE
I set it on fire. Aren’t things that are set on fire usually supposed to be on fire, shirt or otherwise?

MELISSA
No! Cut that shit out before someone calls the cops!

She pulls out a fire extinguisher and blasts the shirt, though it does nothing because it’s merely imaginary.

MIKE
That ain’t gonna do nothin’-

She fire extinguisher...s me in the face.

MELISSA
You put it out then.

I sigh and kick a bunch of snow over it, putting it out.

MELISSA
See? It DID do something!

I wipe the spray off my face. MEL takes a closer look at the shirt, which it turns out is my football student section shirt for 2012.

(CONTINUED)

MELISSA
So that’s why you’re committing shirt arson? Because Michigan lost it’s bowl game?

MIKE
Well that, and the fact that they sucked dick all season too. But it’s more than that. It’s also a symbolic act.

MELISSA
Y’know, sometimes I think you use these acts of personal "symbolism" as an excuse to do violent and/or stupid things.

MIKE
Only sometimes! This time it’s legit though. That bowl loss is the last remaining vestige of 2012’s shitty season, and everything else shitty along with it. 2013 is a new year, and it’s time to move forward. I finally got my degree, I have no distractions now. This is the moment I can finally reinvent myself! Be the person I wanna be and do the stuff I wanna do! There ain’t NOTHIN’ that can hold me back!

MELISSA
Awesome! So... whadya gonna do?

I sit there for a second. My brimming confidence quickly disintegrates as I search for something to say.

MIKE
...Uh... I dunno...

MELISSA
Well, if you’re really strapped for ideas, you do have a bunch more shirts that you can burn.

MIKE
...Yeah I think I’ll do that.

I move toward the stairs. MEL stops me.

MELISSA
I WAS KIDDING! DON’T BURN ANY MORE SHIRTS EVER IN YOUR LIFE!!!

MIKE
Never? What if I was in a situation where my survival depended on me burning one or more shirts? Would you rather I die?

MELISSA
What kind of whacked out situation would require that?

MIKE
(shrugging)
Crazier things have happened.

MELISSA
Well... no. Not even then.

MIKE
!!! YOU’RE MESSED UP!!!

She sprays the fire extinguisher in my face again.

MELISSA
And you’re all extinguisher’d.

INTRO SEQUENCE!!!

SCENE 2- INT. MIKE’S LIVING ROOM, 1/1/2013, 10PM

I’m sitting at my computer desk in a stupor. MEL looks on with an odd sense of anticipation.

MELISSA
Alright! So this is the moment that you’re gonna change yourself. You’re gonna become a great writer and artist and everything’s gonna make sense and be great and I love you and I want this to happen and so do you and it’s gonna happen right now. (pause) Now. (pause) Now?

MIKE
C’mon, Mel. You can’t force this change to happen just whenever. It’s a gradual process.

MELISSA
Sure. And it starts with little things. Like starting up a new drawing or a new episode. Which you’re gonna do right now. (pause) Now?

MIKE
...No... later.

MELISSA
...Uh, Mike? Isn’t this what you JUST SAID you want to do?

MIKE
Yeah, of course it is!

MELISSA
So what’s stoppin’ ya?

MIKE
...I dunno...

A fly buzzes by. I move to kill it.

MIKE
It might be the fact that I have FUCKIN’ FLIES IN MY APARTMENT IN THE DEAD OF WINTER!!! WHY ARE THERE FLIES IN MY APARTMENT IN THE DEAD OF WINTER???

MEL glances over to the kitchen sink, which has dishes spilling over. She then looks to the guinea pig’s cage, which has shit EVERYWHERE.

MELISSA
I can think of a few reasons...

VERA comes up and starts meowing at me and doing stuff.

MIKE
AND this cat is meowing at me nonstop! How can I focus with this madness???

MELISSA
"Madness", huh? It wouldn’t have anything to do with the fact that you haven’t fed her all day, would it?

MIKE
Hey man, it’s not like I’m starving her intentionally. I just don’t have any food for her.

PIG starts squeaking.

MIKE
WHAT, PIG??? YOU HAVE FOOD IN YOUR BOWL!!!

More fuckin’ flies fly by. Soon a whole bunch of ’em are flying right in my face. What follows is a cacophony of squeaks, meows, and fly buzzes.

MIKE
THAT’S IT!!! I can’t focus in these blasted conditions! BUT I know what I need to do.

MELISSA
Yeah? What’s that?

MIKE
Grab your coat. We’re goin’ to Meijer-

She poofs on her coat.

MELISSA
I didn’t even need to grab it!

MIKE
Well. Ain’t you special.

MELISSA
Yep! But hey, there’s something I DO need to grab before I go.

She grabs me and gives me a big ol’ smooch.

MELISSA
Okeydoke, let’s go!

MIKE
Wait... I need to grab something too.

MELISSA
Oh yeah...?

She leans in like I’m about to return smooch her, but then I go over and grab my coat. She looks hertberken [sic] when I do this.

MIKE
My coat.

MELISSA
Oh... right...

MIKE
And THIS.

I grab her back and smooch her somethin’ fierce!!!

SCENE 3- INT. MEIJER, 1/1/2013, 11PM

A glimpse over the superstore, it’s sterile, fluorescent-lit aisles devoid of any signs of life. Occasionally one of the night stock people passes by, but they don’t do too much to help the mood. MEL and I scuttle our little cart along, which is full of little this and thats. We pass by the cat food aisle and get a bunch of cans of that.

MIKE
Well, that should take care of the little whiner.

MELISSA
Nah, you won’t be satisfied by all that.

MIKE
Why I oughta...

I shake my fist at her, but she just responds by giving me a quick lick right on the face! My expression melts.

MIKE
I oughta lick you right back!

I do!

MELISSA
Isn’t it uncanny how I have the ability to turn just about any situation into a lick exchange?

MIKE
It really is.

We continue pushing the cart along aimlessly.

MELISSA
So anyways... what else do we need?

MIKE
Beer, a giant thing of Goldfish, and a flyswatter.

MELISSA
So a flyswatter then.

MIKE
AND that other stuff-

MELISSA
No, Mike.

MIKE
Aw, c'mooooon-

MELISSA
No siree! If you get Goldfish, you're just gonna eat that instead of real food.

MIKE
But it's so goooood-

MELISSA
And you already have a six-pack in the fridge at home. Besides that... well, I'm a little concerned with the amount you've drinking.

MIKE
Really...? I usually only have a beer or two in the evening to take the edge off...

MELISSA
Yeah, well, that's all fine and good, but I'm worried that in these harsh Michigan winters you're gonna get in the habit of just staying in and gettin' trashed every night.

MIKE
Aw, c'mon. There are so many other things I could do in winter, like... uh... um...

MELISSA
Just take it easy on the drinking, okay?

MIKE
Oh... okay.

Kiss.

MIKE
Hey, speaking of winter, I've noticed you've been pretty sprightly this evening for someone who's supposed to be in a semi-hibernatory state-

She passes out into my cart, curling up to fit.

MIKE
So much for that.

I keep moseying along, approaching the cleaning aisle.

MIKE (V.O.)
Hmm... now let's see... would fly swatters be in the cleaning aisle? ...Or would they be in like home appliances?

I look around with a clueless expression, missing the fly swatters that are right there in my line of sight... I look up and down the various cleaning-type aisles and I can't find it. I then mosey on through the home appliance section... no such luck there either. Rats!

MIKE (V.O.)
Seriously, where the heck are these damned fly swatters? This stupid store has to have it SOMEwhere...

I stare out into space, dumbfounded.

MIKE (V.O.)
Grr... maybe it's hanging randomly in one of the food aisles or something...?

I start looking up and down various food aisles, still no freakin' luck. I pass by one of the night stock people stocking some bottles of powerade or something. My cart accidentally catches the edge of one of the cases and knocks it over. I move to pick it up.

MIKE
Sorry about that.

NIGHT STOCK GUY
Did it break?

MIKE
No, I don’t think so.

NIGHT STOCK GUY
Oh... wanna try again?

MIKE
What?

NIGHT STOCK GUY
Oh, nothing, it was just a joke.

MIKE
Oh, uh-

NIGHT STOCK GUY
Sorry. Never mind... sorry.

He goes back to work, looking like a beaten dog. I try to think of something to say to make him feel less... like that, but I can’t think of anything and keep going. More aisles, more nothingness. I grow more and more exasperated as it keeps going.

MIKE (V.O.)
Man... am I going insane? Or insane-ER??? Why is it so impossible to find a goddamn flyswatter???

I look down at MELISSA for a second, curled up in my cart as adorable as all getout.

MIKE (V.O.)
I swear, Melissa, sometimes I don’t know what I would do without you by my side...

MELISSA
Aw, thanks, sweetie.

She reaches out blindly and takes a hold of my hand.

MIKE
Sorry, was I thinking too loud?

MELISSA
Nah, it’s all good. I’m still asleep, just... talking. Because I can do that kinda thing. It’s neat! Ain’t it neat?

MIKE
It sure is!

MELISSA
So, still no luck finding a swatter?

MIKE
No. It’s utterly baffling. BAFFLING.

MELISSA
Hrm... where have you looked so far?

MIKE
Pretty much everywhere. I haven’t seen it anywhere that it would logically be, so I’m just kinda grabbing at straws at this point-

I reach out for a big carton of Goldfish. MEL uses her tail and deflects them back to where they were.

MELISSA
Oh yeah? It seems to me more like you’re grabbing at Goldfish.

MIKE
Hey, aren’t you supposed to be asleep??? How’d you know I was doin’ that???

MELISSA
Extrasensory stuff infiltrating my dreamspace or some shit. Like you know if you put someone’s hand in warm water and they’re supposed to pee? Well when I sense you’re doing something you should my tail involuntarily reacts to tell you to cut that shit out.

I trail off and start gazing at some beer. I reach out for it, but her tail wraps around my arm and places it back onto the cart handle.

MIKE
Dang, you’re good...

MELISSA
DANG good, too!

MIKE
Well, I’m getting fed up with this. Do you think they’ll tell which aisle they’re in on their website?

I pull out my phone.

MELISSA
Are you serious? Look, if you’re really having that much trouble, why don’t you just ASK one of the people whose job it is to know where everything is?

MIKE
Er... if you were awake for my last interaction with one of the night stock people, you might understand why I’m a little hesitant to do that... well, I’m not getting reception, so I guess I’m S.O.L.

MELISSA
OR you could ASK someone-

MIKE
Wait a sec. There’s one place I haven’t looked yet that it might be...

I turn the cart around and head in the other direction. Along the way I pass a bunch of TV’s, all of which are projecting the DVD menu to "The Fly" without actually playing the movie... kinda creepy, right? Not even a little bit? Anyways, I observe this and keep going. Eventually I wind up in the outdoors stuff aisle.

MIKE
Yeah, so there’s a chance that flyswatters would be here with the lawn and outdoors stuff, right? Because that’s usually where flies come from... right?

MELISSA
Just ask someone already!

MIKE
NO! I can find it myself. It’s not that difficult. I graduated from U of M, I think I’m smart enough to find a flyswatter by myself.

MELISSA
Look, I have no doubt that you’re smart enough to find a flyswatter, just like you’re smart enough to figure out what to do with the rest of your life now that you’re out of school. At the same time, though, it’s nothing to be ashamed of if you still need a little direction, even with seemingly simple things like this-

MIKE
For the last time, I ain’t askin’ nobody! I can do this on my own-

My cart bumps into a large, volcanic rock.

MIKE
Uhm... Melissa, you wouldn’t happen to know anything about this, would you?

She stirs awake, still kinda not all there. She eyes the rock.

MELISSA
Well, it appears to be a large volcanic rock. Probably because we’re in the large volcanic rock aisle.

MIKE
Strange... I don’t remember there being a large volcanic rock aisle at this Meijer...

I look up and notice that the store has now transformed into a giant volcanic cavern with raising platforms and a whole bunch of other gobbledigook.

MELISSA
Well, maybe you’re just not very observant. Probably why you can’t find that fly swatter.

I glare at her for a sec. Then she does that thing where she licks my face.

MELISSA
SEE??? ANY SITUATION!!!

She got me again! COMMERCIAL BREAK!!! ...And we’re back!

MIKE
Hmm... you don’t think there’s any chance that fly swatters might be somewhere in the volcanic rock aisle, do you?

MELISSA
No. No I do not.

MIKE
Rats... well, I guess they just aren’t anywhere in this danged store. Guess I’ll just have to smash those stupid buggers with my bare hands. Gross.

MELISSA
Gross indeed! So do we got everything else we need then?

MIKE
Sure, except for beer and goldfish-

MELISSA
Yep, we got everything. Let’s jet.

MIKE
Oh, alright... er... how do we get outta here?

It’s at that moment I realize we’re surrounded by lava.

MELISSA
Duh, wait for the elevator platform.

The elevator platform lowers in front of me.

MELISSA
But if you’re still confused...

A giant arrow pops up pointing at said platform.

MIKE
Thanks.

MELISSA
You’re welcome!

We walk onto the platform. It moves away.

MIKE
You seem to know your way around this little video game level-esque store pretty well.

MELISSA
Well, y’know, most of the superstores in imaginaryland are laid out more or less like this, so I’d have to be kinda stupid if I didn’t, wouldn’t I?

MIKE
Well, of all the things you are, stupid ain’t one of them.

MELISSA
...I’ll take that as a compliment, as vaguely backhanded as it seemed...

MIKE
What? You’re a sweet-hearted, adorable purple skunk-cat with a rockin’ body. None of those are associated with stupidity, or am I mistaken?

MELISSA
Nope. Thanks for clearing that up.

Quick cheek kiss.

MELISSA
Well, being associated with non-stupid qualities, I know that we should probably jump. NOW.

I look and notice that the platform is about to lead me into a spiky wall of death. I jump onto an adjacent platform, almost dropping the cart as I do. MEL poofs over like it ain’t nothin’.

MIKE
WHY WOULD ANYONE DESIGN A SUPERMARKET LIKE THIS??? HOW IS THIS IN ANY WAY A PRACTICAL WAY TO GET GROCERIES???

MELISSA
Oh, it’s not. But some people like a challenge, y’know?

MIKE
NOT ME. I just want things to make sense, be easy, and work out like I think they should.

MELISSA
Don’t I know it. And it’s that kind of attitude that’s helped you figure out what your plan for what you’re gonna be doing for the rest of your life, right?

MIKE
...Er...

MELISSA
Well, either way, we should probably use your figure-outinating skills to get us through this upcoming aisle.

MIKE
...And why’s that?

The platform drops us off at a hovering island (or should I say AISLEland... get it??? Man I should write for Big Bang Theory!!!). The theme for this aisle? FALLING SPIKES!!!

MIKE
FOR CRYING OUT LOUD!!! WHO SHOPS HERE???

MELISSA
Well, think about it. Where do you think all those imaginary villains get stuff for their evil lairs?

MIKE
I figured they’d go to the supermarket...io bros.

BIG BANG THEORY!!! I’M TELLIN’ YA!!! MEL keels over as I shimmey to celebrate my lameness.

MELISSA
FOR CRYING OUT LOUD MIKE, THAT WAS UNFORGIVABLE!!! UNFORGIVABLE, I SAY!!!

MIKE
Whatever, man. You’re just jealous that I beat you to the punch.

MELISSA
...Maybe a little... anyways, shall we?

We scramble and avoid the spikes, timing all of our runs perfectly (with a shopping cart full of crap, no less!)

MIKE
A thought crosses my mind. How does one purchase falling spike sets anyways? Do they, like, grab the spikes out of the air one by one? Does the force of whatever's propelling them keep propelling them after they're grabbed?

MELISSA
That's silly, honey. These spikes are propelled by gravity.

MIKE
Sure, the falling ones. But what about THESE?

We pass by some spikes that are shooting upwards.

MELISSA
Same principals apply. What goes up...

The upward-trending spikes peter out and turn down, scattershotting all over the place. We scuttle to avoid them and get safely to the other side.

MELISSA
To answer your question, people don't buy the spikes individually, they buy the portal generator that shoots out infinite spikes sets from some unknown source. Probably like a giant porcupine who's mad at life.

MIKE
Makes sense... so is it always just spikes?

MELISSA
Usually, sometimes other things pop out too...

I notice a 6-pack shoot out among the spikes. I move my cart to catch it, and it lands comfortably in the basket.

MIKE
Hey, look at that! No broken bottles or anything!

A spike then follows, obliterating the cart.

MELISSA
No broken bottles, huh?

MIKE
Damn it all...

MELISSA
Don’t sweat it, we got two carts left.

The cart regenerates, good as new. Sadly, sans the beer.

MELISSA
See, things here aren’t totally berserk and unfair!

MIKE
That’s cool, I guess. Hypothetically speaking, what happens if we run out of carts?

MELISSA
We have to go through the aisles and get everything again.

MIKE
Oh god, that’s a fate worse than death!!!

MELISSA
No kidding!!! Speaking of, don’t die or anything. They don’t give us any extras for those.

MIKE
Eh, that’s only fair.

We continue on. Dissolve ahead to a point where we’re at another weird little aisle.

MIKE
Hmm... y’know, it seems like it’s been too long since anything weird and/or stupid has happened to us-

A doorway seals shut behind us, and a section of the wall rotates around, trapping MEL on the other side. So basically I’m trapped.

MIKE
And I was right.

MEL appears up on a little platform overlooking my closed-off little area.

MELISSA
Well, thankfully we’re in the portal generator aisle. But we’re gonna have to put our heads together to get out of this.

MIKE
Cool. Puzzle solving.

MELISSA
Yeah, man. Since you’ve figured out the puzzle of LIFE, this one should be easy enough, right?

I look at her and grumble. She, however, is busy observing her surroundings.

MELISSA
Let’s see... the exit is way up on that raised up platform, so we’re gonna have to find a way to get up there. Hmm... you’re probably gonna need some momentum to propel yourself up to said platform...

MIKE
Why can’t we just put a portal right ON the platform?

MELISSA
Because... you can’t.

MIKE
...Of course not. That would be too convenient, wouldn’t it?

MELISSA
Yep.

The little closed-off section I’m on tilts downward, so the aisle is tilted.

MELISSA
Now, THAT is just convenient enough! Here, grab one of those blue portal generators. You can open up two adjoining portals with
(MORE)

MELISSA (cont'd)
it, so shoot one behind you and then another one at the bottom.

I do, so now there's a portal at the bottom and top of the aisleway.

MELISSA
Now roll the cart down to that one end of the portal, and that'll send you back up to the top. Once you've got a good head of steam goin' I'm gonna take THIS Orange portal thingy, shoot one of my guys over on that wall, then shoot my other one at the bottom, and you should have enough speed to get up and onto the platform. Understand?

MIKE
No.

MELISSA
Awesome. Let's do this!

I look at her questioningly, but do what she says. I push the cart forward, then I jump in once it's goin' super fast. The portals I've opened send me moving forward endlessly through the aisle, going faster and faster each time I go through. MEL sets up her portal, then aims her gun at the bottom... though she accidentally re-shoots the portal she had already shot, effectively cutting off mine and leaving it as an unopened portal at the bottom... so basically it's a normal wall again (I realize this probably makes absolutely no sense to anyone who hasn't played any of the Portal video games... so apologies to any of those people). My cart runs into the wall, getting obliterated in the process. I get dinged up a bit myself.

MELISSA
Sorry... I pulled the trigger for the portal I already shot. I always make that mistake-

MIKE
GODDAMN IT, MELISSA! NOW WE ONLY GOT ONE CART LEFT!!!

MELISSA
Babe, please don't yell at me. Even though I'm a vision of perfection in your brain, I make mistakes sometimes. We can't all have a
(MORE)

MELISSA (cont'd)
perfect, clear life plan that has everything set in place and everything magically works out for us-

MIKE
OKAY, I GET IT!!! THIS WHOLE THING IS ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR LITTLE IMAGINARY SCENARIOS GET ME TO LEARN SOMETHING ABOUT MYSELF. AND I GET THE POINT!!! I DON'T HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT I'M DOING WITH MY LIFE RIGHT NOW! I HAVE NO SCHOOL, NO JOB, AND NO IDEA WHAT TO DO WITH MYSELF!!! I CAN'T FORCE MYSELF TO WORK ON MY SERIES STUFF BECAUSE I'M STILL BURNED OUT FROM ANIMATING THE EPISODE, AND I DON'T HAVE ANY OTHER PROJECTS TO KEEP ME BUSY! AS MUCH AS I COMPLAINED ABOUT SCHOOL, AT LEAST IT GAVE ME SOMETHING TO DO! AND NOW... I'M FUCKING LOST!!! I'm... lost...

MELISSA
Honey... it's okay to feel lost sometimes. Or even like you're stuck, trapped in a little closed-off section all alone with no clear way out. Everyone does. But what do you do when you realize you're there?

MIKE
Give up and just sit there?

MELISSA
Yep. I guess let's just do that then.

She puts down her gun and just sits there for a minute. I do the same.

MELISSA
NO, YA SILLY DUMBFACE!!! You find a way to move forward! Get creative! It's what you're good at after all. And even if what you tried the first time didn't work... try again.

I look up at her, inspired.

MIKE
You promise to shoot the right portal this time, though?

She smiles, and extends out her pinky from all the way up on that thingy.

MIKE
I love you, Melissa.

MELISSA
I love you too, Mike. Now let’s get outta here.

We do the same set-up for the portal momentum thingy. This time, MEL shoots the right one and sends me out through the wall on the other side. The momentum sends me up and lands me on the platform that leads to the exit!

MIKE
ALRIGHT, WE DID IT!!! Alright, now... oh... Melissa, I think I screwed up. I left my portal gun back-

She poofs over to me. Because she can do that.

MELISSA
What’s that, sweetie?

MIKE
...Never mind.

We continue on our trek. Move ahead to when we’re walking down a somewhat more normal-looking aisle, though it still has a surreal feel to it.

MIKE
Well, anyways, how are YOU doing? I I feel like I never ask you about your life.

MELISSA
Daw, don’t worry about me. I’m happy as a clam. A clam who happens to be a skunk. Though now that you mention it, there is something I’ve been thinking about lately...

MIKE
...Yeah? What’s that?

MELISSA
Er... I’ll tell you about it later.

We wander into a big, wide-open section that looks like a boss chamber... and sure enough, it IS a boss chamber! A giant, horrible mutant fly starts buzzing around the room. It flies at me in attack mode, so I use the cart as a little getaway thingy. It chases me around the room. MEL follows on her scooter.

MELISSA
So, this may not be the best time to bring this up, but have you thought about continuing your schooling? Yeah, you got your BA, but maybe your education doesn’t have to end there?

MIKE
...What, you mean like grad school???

MELISSA
Yeah, maybe. Or something. It seems to me that in spite of your complaints you do better in an academic setting than you do outside of it. That and it’s a good way to continue to improve your craft and keep your mind fresh, is it not?

MIKE
I won’t disagree with this... isn’t it a little late in the game to be thinking about things like that though? As in aren’t most places already past deadline or so ridiculously close to deadline that I couldn’t mail my stuff out in time?

MELISSA
I dunno, probably something worth looking into when we get home. But hey, this doesn’t even need to be something that happens right away. Just something to think about- HEY LOOK!

She points at a giant fly swatter on the wall. We both rush over to it, and grab it as the gross fly bears down on us. We smash it!!! Cut back to reality, and I’m standing there with a normal-looking flyswatter back in the aisle it was when I initially passed it.

MIKE
Wait though... I looked here...

MELISSA
Well, sometimes we just need to go out and search to find whatever we’re looking for, even if it turns out it’s been right in front of us the whole time.

MIKE
I guess you’re right... And I guess we all gotta deal with lava pits, falling spikes, portal guns, and giant mutant flies every now and again, too, right?

MELISSA
Nope, just you.

MIKE
Ah. Well, I guess I’m just special like that.

MELISSA
You sure are!

Smooch.

MIKE
Let’s go home.

Cut ahead to us cashing out and taking our bags to the exit. That NIGHT STOCK GUY from before passes by. He sees me, and looks like he’s gonna run away in shame.

MIKE
Have a good night.

NIGHT STOCK GUY
Uh... you too...

He looks as if a burden has been lifted from him. FINALLY, SOME FUCKIN’ HUMAN INTERACTION!!! I turn and walk out with MEL.

SCENE 4- EXT. MIKE’S APARTMENT, 1/2/2013, 1AM

MELISSA and I are carrying our bags up the stairs.

MELISSA
So, whacha gonna do for the rest of the night?

MIKE
Well, I was thinking of doing some very basic research on grad schools for animation, see what programs are good and what their deadlines are etc etc... After that, maybe work on a new script or a new drawing, then go to bed and snuggle you to pieces.

MELISSA
That sounds delightful, sweet stuff. Though there is one other thing you should probably take care of before you get to any of that...

MIKE
Yeah? And what’s that-

I open up my door, revealing an army of horrible mutant flies similar to the one I killed earlier.

MIKE
Ah.

I pull out my trusty flyswatter. MEL pulls out her hammer that she hasn’t actually pulled out in forever. We look at each other, nod, and ATTACK!!!

OUTRO SEQUENCE!!!

Leave it to me to turn something as mundane as shopping for a flyswatter into some melodramatic quest of self-discovery.